The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

Nameless.

WHAT shall we call our birdling?
Two months we've had her here,
Within our home nest's shelter—
Nameless — save "little dear."

A name, *this*, full of meaning;—
For us she came to bless,
When tears our eyes were dimning,
In our sad loneliness.

So welcome in her coming,
We've watched with jealous care
This little, helpless "wee thing"—
Our babe, so wondrous fair.

The name is now the question;
What *shall* it be? we ask.
A simple thing it seemeth;
We find it no small task.

We've thought of Maud and Mabel;
We've searched the Scriptures through,—
Found Esther, Ruth and Mary;
But no, they will not do.

We've thought of Grace and Pauline,—
Of Ethel, Daisy, Lou;
Then, looking on our darling
Have said, not these for *you*.

Our household pet, our sunshine,
She's bird, she's fairy queen.
In vain for names our seeking
That *all* she is shall mean.

For heaven sent our baby
To lift our thoughts above,
Where "little sister's" living:—
Why name her aught but — Love?

M. F. B.

The Cross and The Crown.

There is a crown in Heaven for me
A golden crown of love.
But I must bear the cross below
To wear that crown above.

For the Myrtle.

The Story of Mother Michel and her Cat.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER IV.

WE have lost sight of Monmouth from the time, when, thrown over the bridge of Notre Dame, he was floating in the water. Luckily for him, the pillars of the principal arches had a ledge large enough for him to cling to.

From that place he looked around him; the river seemed to him an ocean without end; he thought he could not cross it, and rather than to plunge into its cold waters, that seemed to fly before him, he remained in his place, at the risk of perishing there from hunger or cold, or of being carried off by a wave. He mewed as loudly as he could for help, but, happening to think that he could not be heard, for the water made so much noise, he thought it would be useless to tire himself out by mewing, and so waited patiently, hoping that some one would come to help him.

About five o'clock in the morning, two fishermen came to fish upon the bridge of Notre Dame.

"You are early, neighbor," said the one who had arrived first; "it seems that we two had the same idea."

"And we have done well, neighbor. There has been a rising of the water to-night, the fishes

have come down in masses from the upper part of the river, and it will be very strange if we do not catch a great many."

"Do you wish to make a bargain, neighbor? Let us fish together, and let us divide what we get, and then we will breakfast together to-day."

"Agreed!" said the other, and, as they held their lines in the right hand, they put their left hands together, as a signal for signing the treaty.

Monmouth on seeing these lines come down, began to be hopeful. As soon as they came near his mouth, he seized them, and the fishers, thinking that they had had an unusually large fish, cried out together: "It bites! it bites!" then they hastened to draw in the twine. "I think that I have taken a whale," said one with a sigh, at not being able to clap his hands to express his joy.

"I believe I have a great carp," replied the other. Hardly had he said these words when Monmouth walked upon the parapet.

"Witchcraft!" cried the two fishermen and they began to chase the cat whom they had just helped to save from the water; but he ran faster than they, and escaped them without any trouble. As soon as he was alone he took breath, looked at the houses, and, not finding any that resembled his own, naturally concluded that it was not there. It was necessary however, that he should find a lodging for himself; shivering from the cold and out of breath, he could not remain a moment longer in the street, without taking a severe cold on his lungs. Guided by the light of an oven, he crept into the cellar of a baker's shop, and hid himself behind a pile of bread-baskets and fell asleep; but he was so hungry that he soon awoke. Monmouth had been brought up in the streets, and had always been obliged to earn his own living; he also knew very well the art of catching rats, a useful art, too often neglected by cats that live in good houses.

He put himself to watch for them, and surprised a rat, who had come out of his hole in order to eat the cheese. He sprang upon the imprudent thing, and bit it in the mouth, in order to stop its cries. This race, which had been carried on in silence and with great skill, attracted the attention of a young man who worked in the shop. "See, here is a cat," he cried, arming himself with a shovel.

The master baker, turning his eyes upon Monmouth, saw him eating the rat, and said to the young man: "Do not hurt him, for you know he is doing a good deed by eating the rat."

"But where did he come from?"

"No matter, so long as he is useful here, replied the baker, who was a very kind man. "Eat, eat, my friend," added he, stooping to caress Monmouth, "eat as many rats as you can, and remain here always."

Our cat profited by the permission which had been given him. After he had satisfied his hunger he wished to go out and find his own home, but the baker stopped him. "Wait!" said he, "I need a good cat, heaven sent this one to me, and I shall never forgive myself if I let it go. "Halloo! James, close the windows and if this foolish cat tries to escape give him three or four good blows with the broom." Thus Monmouth's kind friend became his foe.

Our cat, as if he understood what was going on climbed quickly upon the young man's shoulders, and from there on to the sidewalk. Here a new danger awaited him; surprised by Monmouth's sudden appearance, a great dog placed himself before him. Monmouth wanted to get out his way, but the dog fixed his eyes upon him, not loosing sight of one of his movements, going to the right when Monmouth went to the right, and to the left when Monmouth went to the left, growling all the time in a menacing voice; they stopped and looked at each other a moment. Neither of them seemed disposed to begin the battle; finally the dog threw himself upon the cat, but the other dodged him, passed by below, and ran in the direction of the wharf. The dog ran after him, they set off, they pierced the crowd of passers, and ran between the carriages; the wandering dogs that they met, wishing to know what was going on, followed them in a line, and in about five minutes Monmouth had more than thirty-seven dogs at his heels.

"I might as well give up," said he to himself, but at least I can try once more for my life."

He crouched against a wall, he stood firmly upon his feet; his teeth closed, his fur on end, he gave his enemies a look so terrible that they all stopped instantly and Monmouth turned round all at once, and mounted the long wall; but he was not yet safe, if he made a false step, if his strength left him, if the plaster gave way beneath him, twenty cruel beasts thirsty for blood were there to seize him on his fall.

During this time mother Michel had passed the night weeping; she could not get over the

loss of Monmouth. She kept calling him in a sorrowful voice, and she kept going to the window and they could hear her say, "Who will bring him back to me?"

Early in the morning father Lustucru came to mother Michel and said, "Ah, well! my dear friend, have you found him?"

"Alas! no," murmured she, "have you heard anything about him?"

"Nothing I am sure of," replied the butler, who wished to torment the poor woman; "but I have dreamed of him all night; he appeared to me very thin and wan, like a cat who is not well."

"In what place was he?"

"It seemed to me that he was in a garden behind a clump of lilies."

Immediately mother Michel ran into the garden, where as you may think, she did not find him. The whole day long father Lustucru enjoyed himself by tormenting her in this way.

"Mother Michel," said he to her suddenly, "I thought I heard a kind of mewing in the office."

Mother Michel was of course eager to go into the office, but as soon as she got there father Lustucru rushed in all out of breath after her and said: "We have got him at last! I am almost sure that he is wandering about in the cellar."

And mother Michel went down into the dark cellar where she saw only rats.

Towards evening father Lustucru began to sing this song,

"Go mother Michel, your cat will be found,
He is in the garret safe and sound,
He is chasing the rats with a gun of straw
And a wooden sword which he holds in his paw."

Of course this was not true, and father Lustucru only said it to make fun of mother Michel. To suppose that Monmouth was chasing the rats with a straw gun and wooden sword was very foolish indeed, for no one has ever heard of cats that could use such weapons. But grief had disturbed mother Michel's mind so much, that she took notice only of that which would give her some gleam of hope.

"He is in the garret," she cried without paying any attention to the rest of the verse; "let us go there, my dear sir! let us look for him. Give me your arm, for I am so uneasy, so troubled, so tired that I have not strength to move."

They went into the garret together, and moth-Michel took a lantern and looked under the eaves, but he was no where to be found and silence reigned everywhere.

"We will not give him up yet," said the wicked man, "we will look a while longer, and we shall end by finding him. We have not looked below there, behind those fagots."

Mother Michel went towards the fagots, and to the great surprise of father Lustucru, the cat that he believed drowned appeared safe and sound and fixed upon him looks of indignation.

"It is he! it is truly he!" said mother Michel, seizing Monmouth in her arms, "Ah! my dear father Lustucru, my good and true friend, how I thank you for having told me to come here!"

But the butler did not hear what mother Michel said, it seemed as it he could not move from the spot, and he did not dare to look the cat in the face, for he could not imagine how he could have come back, and could not explain it to himself with satisfaction.

This was however a very simple thing; Monmouth followed by the dogs, had succeeded in leaping the wall, and from gutter to gutter, from garden to garden, and from roof to roof he had at last succeeded in reaching his own home, but fearing to meet father Lustucru, he had hidden behind the pile of fagots in the garret.

"What can this mean?" said father Lustucru to himself. "Is this really Monmouth that I see before my eyes in skin and bones? It is only his shadow returned to torment me?"

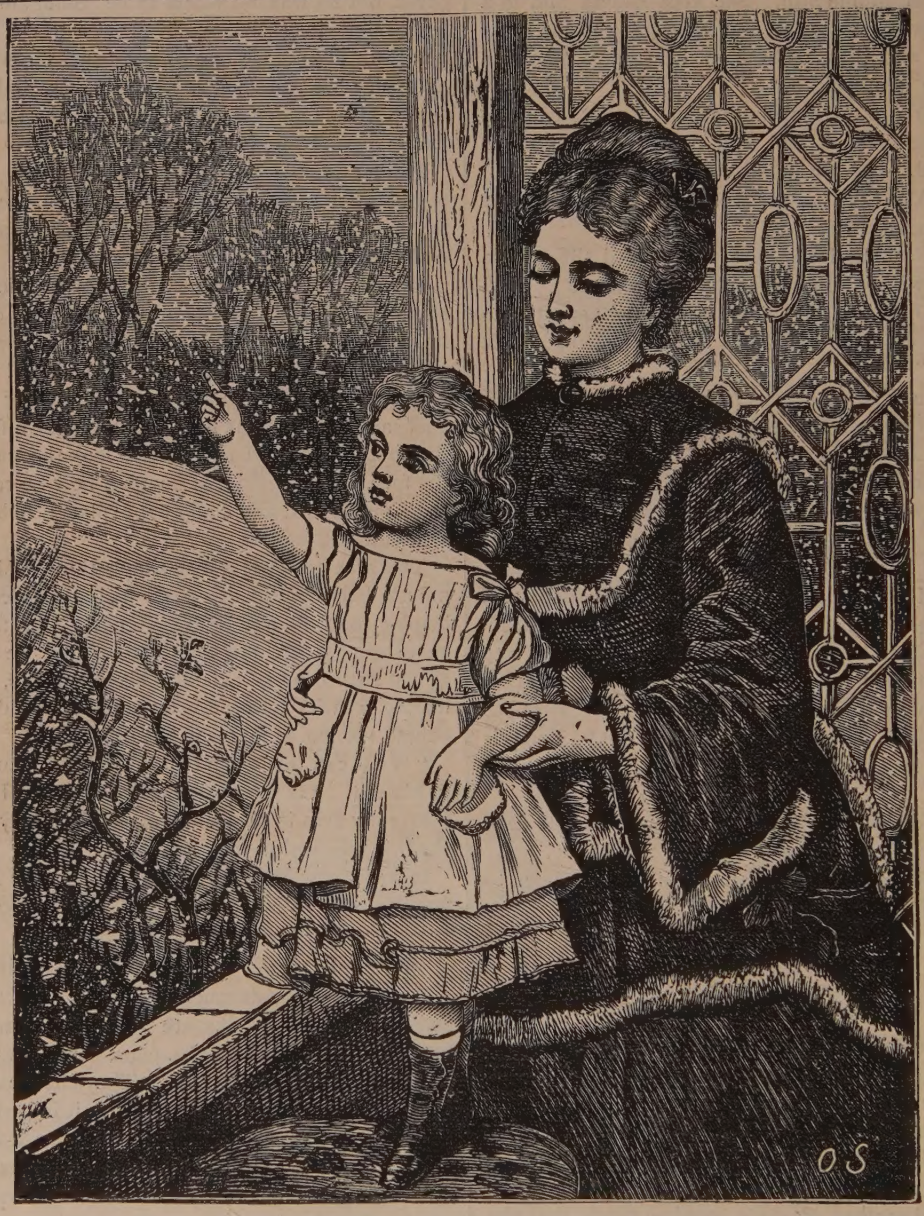
It was really Monmouth, and Providence had watched over him. *M. C. Schouler.*

Making Combs of Skate-Straps.

A bird that spends much of his time on factory roofs tells us that folks are beginning to make buttons, combs, door-knobs, cups, canes, and all sorts of things out of leather. They chemicalize it, he says, chip it up and dissolve it in certain fluids till it is a pulp. Then they make it into useful articles by pressing it into molds of the required shape. When they take out of the mold it is hard and tough. Then they polish its surface in some way, and the articles are ready for sale.

So, my dears, you may yet comb your hair with your skate-straps, button your clothes with your boots, drink out of old pocket-books, and use a worn-out harness for your walking stick.

KEEP clear of the man who does not value his own character.



For the Myrtle.

Snowflakes.

LITTLE Nell can always tell
Reasons why for all she sees
Four years old is wise and bold,
Fathoms all your mysteries.

Hear her call, as snowflakes all,
"Come and see the pretty show,
Up in air and every where,
All the world is full of snow."

Ask her now the why and how;—
There's an answer in her brain;
Happy hits of her small wits,
While you speak, have made it plain.

"What's the snow? why, don't you know?
Comes from heaven all the way;
Snow's the flakes the soap-suds makes;
'Tis the angels' washing-day!"

H. A. B.

A Little Candle.

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a son sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood at the garden gate one morning, she said,

"Edward, they tell me — for I never saw the ocean — that the great temptation of seamen's life is drink. Promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."

"And," said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and went the globe over, but I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes, and to-day I am innocent the taste of liquor."

Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half, "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came a strong man into my counting-room.

"'Do you know me?'

'No.'

'Well,' said he, 'I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there until I had slept off the intoxication. You then asked me if I had a mother, I said I had never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbor, and I have come to ask you to come and see me.'"

How far the little candle throws its beams, the mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power exerted by the utterance of a single word.

EVERY duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, and every cross its crown. Pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness overreaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures; and holiness is the essence of angelhood. Good does not require us to live on credit: he pays us what we earn as we earn it,—good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try,
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air.
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!" *Montgomery.*

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of faults makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.

Little Teachers.

It was vacation time, and Fanny stood leaning out of the window, wishing she had something to do.

"I don't see what they have vacation for, said she; "I'm sure I'd a great deal rather go to school than to stay here in this hot room."

It was no wonder Fanny felt so, for the school she belonged to was in a great airy hall, and to-day she was lounging in the one room which she and her parents and three little sisters called home. Besides, it was ironing-day, and there was a hot fire in the stove.

"The teachers need a little rest, I suppose," said her mother; "they must get very tired, I think."

"Well, I suppose they do, replied Fanny. I wish I was a teacher, though; I know I should like it."

"Why don't you keep school this vacation?" said the mother. "I dare say Mrs. Bell would let you into her front room, and you could have her two little girls, and our three, and Mary Smith and her brother. Come, now, Fanny, I think it would be nice. 'Twould keep the children out of the street, and—"

"Splendid!" exclaimed Fanny; "I'll do it!"

And she did teach. All through the vacation she kept the children of that house out of the street, heard them read and spell, every day, and read to them; they were very happy. And when they went to school again, the teacher was much pleased that they had not forgotten what she had taught them, as she almost expected they would.

So you needn't wait till you are grown up, little boys, and girls, to become teachers. Begin early. I read lately of a little boy in Turkey who wanted to be useful. So he got the children together, and when the missionaries visited him, they found he had twenty-four scholars, and kept a very good school; and he was only twelve years old, and till lately a heathen.

It does us a great deal of good to teach others, and it always makes us happy to be usefully employed.

TRUE wisdom is a thing very extraordinary, happy are they that have it; and next to them, not those many that think they have it, but those few that are sensible of their own defects and imperfections, and know that they have it not.

Heavenly Mansions.

PRELUDE.

HEARD ye that sweet seraphic strain
That comes from out the sparkling, starry train?
It is the echo of immortal songs:
The melody of golden harps and angel tongues.
List! now it rings among the starry spheres,
The dulcet strains of heaven's eternal years.
Angelic choirs,
The first-born sons of light,
With morning stars unite,
On golden lyres,
To chant the wonders of Jehovah's love
In realms of uncreated light
Around the eternal throne above.

I.

There are mansions prepared in the skies,
By the Saviour who passed on before;
And the Christian, whenever he dies,
Finds a home where the saints die no more.
Die no more, die no more,
Finds a home where the saints die no more.

II.

There the father of mercy abides,
Whom the saints and the angels adore;
And the river of life gently glides
From his throne in that world evermore.
Evermore, evermore,
From his throne in that world evermore.

III.

There the Lamb that was slain ever lives
In the light of the glory of God;
And to all that obey him, he gives
Robes made white in his own precious blood
In his blood, in his blood,
Robes made white in his own precious blood.

IV.

There the angels in garments of light,
With their harps, stand around the white throne.
Ceasing neither by day nor by night,
In their praise to the Infinite One.
In their praise, in their praise,
In their praise to the Infinite one.

V.

There the saints walk with Jesus in white;
They are burdened with sorrow no more,
But are filled with ecstatic delight,
In their home on that bright, balmy shore.
In their home, in their home,
In their home on that bright, balmy shore.

VI.

There are mansions prepared for us all,
And the Saviour is calling us home.
Sinners, hearken, the Bride joins the call;
Come to-day, for the Spirit says, Come.
Come to-day, come to-day,
Come to-day, for the Spirit says, Come,

N. H. Jameson.

THOUGHT, if translated truly, can not be lost in another language; but the words that convey it to our apprehension, which are the image and ornament of that thought, may be so ill chosen as to make it appear unhandsome.

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— A novel entertainment was given in the Universalist church at Beverly, Jan. 19th and 20, namely a "Little Folks Concert." Thirty children of the Sunday School, twelve years of age and under the instruction of Mrs. Emery, wife of the pastor did the singing which consisted of solos, duetts, trios, quartetts, choruses and half choruses. The Beverley citizens speaking of the concert says: "The thirty children literally covered themselves with glory. The perfect time, the clearness of utterance, the expression, the beautiful manner in which they spake their words together were a surprise and a delight to all who were so fortunate as to hear them and reflected great credit upon their teacher." Net proceeds ninety dollars.

—A Sunday School concert in Cambridgeport, on the evening of Jan. 4th, was well attended. The new pastor was welcomed by an address and a hymn, both written by members of the School.

CONNECTICUT.

—An exceedingly fine and enjoyable entertainment was given by the Sunday School connected with our church in Norwich, on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 6th. The vestry was elegantly trimmed with evergreens, and the programme, consisting of tableaux, singing and recitations, was varied and of great interest. These exercises were succeeded by the ceremony of presenting chromos to the different classes, after which a general invitation was given to bartake of the refreshments so bountifully prepared. A delight and unique feature of the entertainment was the calling in of the little "Arabs of the street" from out the rain and cold, and seating them at the table and allowing them to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content.

NEW YORK.

—When Christmas came to Troy it found the Universalist congregation and Sunday School in their church, ready for the greeting. The exercises began with responses in chant between the pastor and the choir. After a voluntary on the organ a procession was formed by the younger members of the school, who marched into the church singing "Hail to the Day when Christ was Born." The children formed in a line on the platform erected for the occasion, where a recitation took place on the subject, "Following the Star." A song "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" followed the solo, being rendered by Miss Emma Davis. A recitation was then had of some length, interspersed with pieces spoken by Stella Osborn, Cora Williams, Minnie Schryver, Irene Knight, Cora Hanie and others. An olive branch, harp, shepherd's rod, a white dove, a lamb, a vine, a square, a cup of water and a loaf of bread were offered by the children, each one repeating a verse explanatory of the symbol they presented. This was very creditably done. A song, "Jesus is King," was then sung. Rev. Mr. Hervey is to be credited with the success attending the interesting programme presented. Superintendent Charles Eddy made a few remarks and then proceeded to distribute the presents among the children, which had been the attraction of the evening as they hung on the beautifully trimmed tree. All the pupils received appropriate gifts, and the pastor and sexton were also handsomely remembered. The church was trimmed with evergreens and the evening was spent profitably to all present.

—The Brooklyn, E. D., *Times* mentions a Christmas entertainment given to the Sunday School of the Universalist church in their old vestry, corner of Fourth and South Third Street, which was well attended. The exerecises consisted of singing, recitations, and speaking by the pastor, Rev. Almon Gunnison. Mr. George M. Phelps was presented by the School Superintendent, Mr. H. F. Wright, with a basket of flowers from the teachers of the School, in token of their appreciation of his services as musical director of the School. Cake, ice-cream and oranges were then provided for those present, and the entertainment closed about 9.30 o'clock. A similar entertainment was given by the friends and teachers of the Centenary Chapel Sunday School, which was much enjoyed by a large company present.

OHIO.

—At Mt. Carmel, on Christmas day the Sunday School, with many of the parents and friends, assembled at the Church, where all joined in a Christmas service, which was barely concluded when Santa Claus entered the room, which at first caused no little consternation among the smaller children. But as he begun to empty the contents of his well-filled pockets they soon learned that no fears of harm need be entertained from him. After hours well spent in social converse, and the children gathering up the presents which Santa Claus brought, all departed for their homes, feeling that it was a merry Christmas day. On Sunday following the pastor preached us an appropriate Christmas sermon at 11 o'clock. In the evening a Sunday School concert and exhibition was given to a densely crowded house.

—A writer ot the *Star* says: "A good church edifice has been erected at Centrefield, a church organized and Sunday School established, and a fair degree of interest manifested in both. On Saturday evening, Jan. 4, the Sunday School gave an entertainment which was highly creditable. We find a diffidence on the part of the grown-up men and women about taking an active part in Church services because they have not been trained to do so. The Sunday School has made a good start towards fitting themselves for active duties in the Church work. The result of the entertainment was encouraging. A good house, good order, and thirty dollars."

INDIANA.

At Ireland, we learn from the pastor, "The number of presents and the handsome display exceeded all previous efforts. An oyster supper was provided in connection with the tree; the receipts amounted to $80. At fairfield, where the same pastor preaches, a happy festival was held. A large star, twelve feet from point to point, covered with evergreens, and two beautiful trees, were loaded down with presents, in numbers exceeding five hundred, and costing as many dollars. Above the star was a banner bearing the inscription, "Peace on earth, good will to men," in gold-leaf letters. Both tree and star were studded with spangles, brilliants, glass prisms, a hundred tapers, and many shining, glittering ornaments, making altogether the finest display of the kind ever seen in the place. Before the presents were distributed, the Sueday School children entartained the audience with appropriate recitations and songs for an hour and a half.

—At Mount Carmel, although the other Sunday School in the place (Orthodox) united in providing a tree of their own as a counter attraction, they were confessedly out-done. The tree yielded a most magnificent crop, six hundred and nineteen presents being distributed therefrom."

—At Dayton Christmas was not celebrated, but on New Years a union celebration of all the Sunday Schools in town took place, the Universalist having prominent place. A free supper was given to five hundred and fifty, mostly members of the schools. The attendance of our school there is from seventy to a hundred.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XLVII.—PAUL.

Question. — When Paul and his company had bidden farewell to the elders of the church of Ephesus, at Miletus, what place did they reach next?

Answer. — Acts xxi. 1.

Q. — Where did they find a ship ready to sail towards Palestine?

A. — Acts xxi. 1, 2.

Q. — To the south of what island did they go?

A. — Acts xxi. 3.

Q. — At what noted city did they land?

A. — Acts xxi. 3.

Q. — Whom did they find in Tyre?

A. — Acts xxi. 4.

Q. — How long did they stop in Tyre?

A. — Acts xxi. 4.

Q. — What did the disciples endeaver to persuade St. Paul not to do?

A. — Acts xxi. 4.

Q. — When Paul decided to continue his journey towards Jerusalem, what did the believers in Tyre do?

A. — Acts xxi. 5.

Q. — What did they do on the shore, before the missionaries went on board their vessel?

A. — Acts xxi. 5.

Q. — How long did the missionaries stop with the brethren at Ptolemais?

A. — Acts xxi. 7.

Q. — What port did they reach on the next day?

A. — Acts xxi. 8.

Q. — With whom did they stop at Cæsarea?

A. — Acts xxi. 8.

NOTE. This is one of the most interesting meetings mentioned in the New Testament. Philip was the second of the deacons and the intimate associate and friend of Stephen. (Acts vi. 5) And Paul was the one who stood and held the clothes of those who killed this dear friend and associate of Phillip. (Acts. vii. 58.) And when Paul commenced his persecution, this Philip fled before Paul. (Acts viii. 1-5.) Until now it had been thought that the Samaritans and Gentiles were not included in the Kingdom of Christ. But Philip, fully sympathizing with Stephen and his doctrine, that Christ had come for the whole world, preached Christ to Samaritans. He was also the man who received the first Gentile received into the christian fold. (Acts viii. 26-39.) Then Philip went down to Cæsarea where nearly twenty-five years after these events, Paul found him. The Apostle of the Gentiles meets the man who made the first Gentile convert to christianity, and stops in his home. He meets the intimate friend of Stephen, whom he hated and whom he saw killed with feelings of satisfaction. He meets the man who fled before his persecution because he taught what Paul has now endured all things to teach, for twenty-five years. It must have been a joyous, solemn meeting.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

Six bright links of finest gold—
Fashioned in a perfect mold—
Clasp the seventh, far more rare,
Whose fine jewels, set with care,
Seem in brilliancy to vie
With the diamond studded sky.
Diamonds twelve each circlet grace,
But they give an equal place
To twelve modest pearls, less bright,
In the radiance of their light.
Still they are to us as fair
As the diamonds' richest glare.
Six and one we'll call a group;
Twenty times you'll count them up.
Add then two and thirty more,—
Carefully you'll reckon o'er.
Now the name you sure will guess,
When I tell you, a necklace,
Like to this, each girl and boy
Play with as the merest toy.
Many such we all have lost,
Counting lightly all their cost.
New ones eagerly we clasp,
But when once within our grasp,
All too soon we lose our hold
Of the precious links of gold.

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